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In Memoriam
Abel Grosvenor Hopkins

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Photo. by Donat

A. G. Hopkins

Hamilton College, Clinton, N.Y.

In Memoriam

Abel Grosvenor Hopkins

Born December 5th, 1844

Died July 27th, 1899

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10/26/2011 A. S.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modulus
tam cari capit is? HORATI CARMINA, I., 24

Heu, quanto minus cum aliis versari, quam
tui meminisse! ST. AUGUSTINE

Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. BROWNING

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled —
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead :
Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'T is we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife ;
He has outsoared the shadow of our night.

SHELLEY

706206

*O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely has not been left vain!
Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live —
Prompt, unwearied as here!
Servants of God! — or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind.*

ARNOLD

ἔργα πρὸ λόγων

*"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."*

In Memoriam

LET us ever bear in mind that the true idea of human regeneration, is that of a *moral empire*, to be established by moral means, over the hearts of men: and that he who would hasten this consummation, must begin by setting up that empire first in his own breast, and then extend it throughout the sphere of his action, over his fellow-beings. . . . And he who labors for this end with a faithful and true spirit, fulfils the designs of his Creator; and though he should be cut off in the midst of his days, he will not have lived in vain."

So said, almost with prophetic vision, at the close of one of his public addresses, that brilliant young lawyer Samuel Eells, so early dead and so deeply mourned. Perhaps it was also with prophetic vision, certainly with clear and true realization of what constitutes success in life, that the latter clause of the quotation had been marked by the subject of this memoir. I think it may fairly be said of him, as was said of Dean Stanley, that he was "different from other people, first of all, because he always looked upon this world in its true light, not as a home, but as a journey. Hence he was never entirely absorbed in the contests and controversies of the day. He had his opinions and convictions, religious and political, but his horizon was too wide ever to lose himself altogether in our small lanes and valleys." He has died young, and of his life, if we mean by that a succession of great events, there is little to be said. It was free from care: it was filled with congenial work: it could hardly have been happier. "But in the

midst of all his happiness as husband, father, friend, teacher, and preacher, his eyes were always fixed above the earth, towards the Eternal." A few memories of this life, closed in its fifty-fifth year, may not be without interest to the friends for whom this little volume is intended.

Abel Grosvenor Hopkins, the son of Dr. Samuel Miles Hopkins and Mary J. H. Heacock, was born at Avon Springs, N. Y., December 5, 1844, the third in a family of seven children. He came of a goodly ancestry stretching back through eight generations to John Hopkins, who came from England to Massachusetts with the Rev. Thomas Hooker in 1633, and settled in Cambridge in 1634. His grandfather, Judge Samuel Miles Hopkins, was one of the early settlers of western New York. Having purchased a large tract of land on the Genesee River, in 1811 he removed from New York City where he was engaged in the practice of the law, to the village of Geneseo. In 1814 he laid out the village of Moscow and settled there with his family. These pioneer labors however were not continued for a long period. In 1822 we find him living in Albany, and again taking up the practice of the law.

There his son Dr. Samuel Miles Hopkins grew up. Many distinguished and interesting people came to his father's house. Among others, he mentions Aaron Burr—a shy, silent figure, generally despised, but tolerated and treated kindly by Judge Hopkins on account of early favors shown to him when a struggling young lawyer. Mr. Hopkins' mother was a daughter of Reuben B. Heacock, a prominent and wealthy merchant of Buffalo, and Abby Peabody Grosvenor. Her brother was the Rev. Grosvenor Heacock, for thirty-two years the beloved pastor of the Lafayette Avenue church, who died at the age of

fifty-five, mourned by the entire city. His nephew was said to resemble him strongly in form and feature. Dr. Hopkins was educated at Yale College and at Auburn Theological Seminary. In 1847 he was called to the Hyde Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in Auburn Theological Seminary, and removed the same year to Auburn with his family.

There the boyhood of Abel Grosvenor Hopkins was passed,—in cultured and scholarly surroundings, in an atmosphere admirably fitted to develop the social and intellectual qualities which marked his character, as well as his deep religious nature. His preparation for college was made at the Auburn High School, and he entered Hamilton College at the commencement of 1862,—that semi-centennial anniversary famous in the annals of the college, and above all commencements thus far in its history inspiring to the incoming student. During his freshman year he united with the college church. He had decided quite early in life to enter the ministry. On being asked once when he first decided to follow that profession, he replied: “I do not know. It seems to me I always expected to be a minister, and the thought of another profession never occurred to me.”

The four years of college life were busy ones. Not only was he an eager student, winning his full share of the college honors, but his love of music, his fondness for athletic sports, and his social nature made him a leading spirit in glee-club, base-ball and coasting, and social life, and kept him in touch with every interest of the college. Foot-ball had not at that time been inaugurated. After seeing his first games, in the fall of 1891, twenty-five years after his own college days, he said, “If I were younger I should have to play foot-ball.”

In the fall of 1866 he entered Auburn Theological Seminary, graduating from there in the spring of 1869. The following summer he spent at Cortland, N. Y., as stated supply of the Presbyterian Church of that place. His fondness for out-door sports did not leave him, and in his journal of that summer as well as during his Seminary life are found frequent references to ball-games, and walking or rowing trips. We quote here from a letter from the present pastor of the Cortland church, which shows that thirty years have not sufficed entirely to efface the memory of his one summer there.

"As you so well know, he [Mr. Hopkins] had the call to this church at the same time he went to Clinton. He has ever been cherished in their memory. So many times during my first few months as pastor here in '96, as I would perhaps engage in a ball-game with the boys, or enter into the life of the young people, the remark would honor me, 'He makes me think of Mr. Hopkins.' And after the happy Sabbath they had with him a year or so ago, upon my return very many thanked me personally for suggesting to the committee to seek him again as our Sabbath supply. Very many hearts here were touched by his earth leave-taking."

He was considering a call to become the permanent pastor of this church when he was called to the Chair of the Latin Language and Literature in Hamilton College. The latter position was very attractive to him from the first, but he felt some hesitation at leaving the active work of the ministry just as he was entering upon it, feeling that it might seem almost a desertion. He saw, however, the wide influence possible to exert in a collegiate position, and after careful thought and consultation with his most trusted friends he decided to accept the Latin professorship. In

the autumn of 1869 he entered upon his duties as Professor of Latin in Hamilton College,—a position which he filled until his death thirty years later.

In 1872 he was married, and two years after, in July, 1874, he sailed for Europe with his wife, having been granted leave of absence for the first term of the next college year. In preferring the request for this absence to the Trustees of the College he said : “I do not ask this indulgence on the ground of long or efficient service, but because I hope by it to become of greater use to the college and to my own department.”

The six months of European travel that followed proved a time of rare and unqualified enjoyment. Scotland, England, Paris, the Rhine, a month in Switzerland, a few weeks of Germany, and then Italy,—and Rome, the Mecca of his pilgrimage. There he found himself as it were at home, and he went eagerly and with unerring instinct from spot to spot made memorable by historic associations. He examined, studied, compared, and by his vivid descriptions almost made his companion see in their ancient splendor the once gorgeous palaces of the Caesars or the Golden House of Nero. His journal of that time is interesting reading. He writes of hearing Canon Liddon and Dean Stanley preach in Westminster; of seeing Thiers repeatedly in Italy. Fond as he always was of mountain scenery, the grandeur of the Alps profoundly excited and impressed him. Of a sunrise on the Rigi, he writes : —

“On going out found a number of people on the Kulm admiring the scene and waiting for the sun to rise. The horn had roused us in good season and we had plenty of time to study out the outline of the Alps. Far to the left we saw the conical peak of the Mythen and the great glacier of the Glärmisch. But most wonderful of all were

the great peaks of the Bernese Oberland. We clearly made out the Finsteraarhorn, the Shreckhorn, and the three peaks of the Wetterhorn — the Mönch, Eiger, and Jungfrau. Soon all eyes were turned to the east, where the horizon was growing more and more ruddy with the coming day, and the sun came up bathing the great peaks of the Oberland with purple. The Lakes of Zug and Lucerne were partly covered with a heavy mist or cloud, which had the appearance of huge masses of ice tumbled in endless confusion, — a scene the beauty and grandeur of which one could never exhaust or describe."

His account of the journey to Rome shows his keen feeling for the classical interest of the Italian country: —

"The road lay through a beautiful country, with rich gardens and orchards on every side. The tunnels were very numerous, and the road wound about to accommodate itself to the line of the Apennines. Found the ride very interesting. All the towns were on considerable elevations, with here and there old castles or fortresses seated on the summits of hills. A little beyond Cortona we touched upon Lake Trasimenus, the scene of Hannibal's great victory. Tried to make out the geography as well as I could. Toward the lower part of the lake, the cliffs and hills rise abruptly within three hundred feet of the lake, and it is very clear how the Romans were walled in and cut to pieces. Soon after leaving Perugia we had our first view of the Tiber, and crossed it, — a small and pretty stream at that point, but gradually growing larger and receiving additions. Near Narni saw the ruins of what was once a splendid bridge on the Via Flaminia. Two or three of the lofty piers were still standing."

He returned to Clinton in January, 1875, and took up his work with renewed interest and satisfaction. During this

year and the following he was a good deal out of health and suffered from recurrent attacks of violent pain, which had a prostrating effect. He was not however obliged to interrupt his college work for more than a few days at a time. The summer of 1876 he passed in Saratoga under the care of the celebrated Dr. Gray of New York, who after some months' treatment effected a complete cure. Dr. Gray was at the time a man of advanced years, but he and his patient became great friends. The daily morning medical examination was almost uniformly followed by the reading together of some Latin author, or the discussion of some point of classical interest.

Always fond of the water, in 1882 Mr. Hopkins bought a point of land among the Thousand Islands, and there the next year built a pleasant summer cottage. From that time most of his summer vacations were spent in this beautiful region with his wife and daughter,—his only child,—and usually as many friends as the little cottage could conveniently accommodate. The summers here were a constantly increasing pleasure, and were looked forward to from year to year with renewed interest.

While at this summer home he regularly attended the Dutch Reformed Church, and always preached there several times during the summer, hoping in that way to lighten somewhat the labors of the pastor. Some fifty years ago this little church was founded as a mission by Dr. George W. Bethune, and was later enlarged and improved by Dr. J. G. Holland, who felt a keen interest in its prosperity. It is a beautiful proof of the affection in which Mr. Hopkins was held at the River that a number of his friends have placed in this old Stone Church a Hopkins memorial window.

The summer of 1887 was a memorable one for Clinton people, as during it the village celebrated its one hun-

dredth anniversary, and the presence of President and Mrs. Cleveland gave the occasion a sort of national interest which it could hardly otherwise have inspired. Mr. Hopkins delivered the historical address on this occasion.

In the spring of 1888 he attended as Commissioner the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held at Philadelphia. This was the famous centennial meeting when the Northern and Southern churches united, and Mr. Hopkins felt it an especial privilege to be able to attend a gathering of such unusual interest.

In the summer of 1890 he again sailed for Europe, accompanied by his family, intending to be absent only for the summer vacation. He had always wished and hoped to be able to spend a year in foreign study, and even on the voyage over the thought came to him that his desire might possibly be carried out at this time. After some correspondence the matter was arranged, and he began to plan for the year of work before him. The first month of the summer was passed in Berlin, where he gained some familiarity with the methods of work at German universities, and enjoyed hearing the lectures of such men as Curtius and Harnack. The remainder of the summer was spent in travel in Germany, visiting among other places the little village of Oberammergau, and seeing under the most favorable conditions the famous Passion Play. In writing of it he says: "I think, taking it all together, it is the most remarkable and impressive spectacle I have ever seen."

Soon after reaching Germany he was saddened by the news of Dr. Peters' sudden death. He writes of it: "We are overwhelmed by the news. . . . I was very much attached to Dr. Peters. I admired him for his simple, modest, and yet profound and genuine scholarship. The

college has suffered a severe blow, and how his loss can even in a measure be made good, I do not see. I deeply regret that I cannot be there at this time. I should like at least the satisfaction of expressing myself in some public way as to my respect for the character of the man,—for his religious as well as his scientific and scholarly character. Our minds were in a whirl all day yesterday over the news, and though we were doing other things, our thoughts came back constantly to Dr. Peters. . . . Doubtless there will be some suitable memorial service next term after the college opens. *He* abhorred all display, but the college owes it to itself to honor his memory and his work."

In October he went to Leipzig, and there settled with his family for the winter, being drawn thither largely by the fame of Ribbeck, the great Plautus scholar. Here he passed the winter advantageously and pleasantly. The intervals of study were filled with pleasant excursions and in hearing the music for which Leipzig is so justly famous. His love for music and his perfect musical taste made this latter feature of the winter a rare treat to him. To be able to hear each week performances by the best classical orchestra in Germany, to hear the great artists who came from all over Europe to take part in the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, to gain familiarity with the Wagner music and some understanding of it, to see the masterpieces of German literature finely presented, all these things were sources of constant pleasure.

In the spring of 1891 he went to Italy, and there passed two months renewing and extending his acquaintance with scenes and monuments already familiar, and in tracing out the new excavations since his former visit to Rome, seventeen years earlier.

During the year he had been a good deal troubled with a lame hand, which interfered with his writing very considerably. He supposed it was writer's cramp, and felt entirely well in other respects. But the German physician whom he consulted said from the outset, "It is not true writer's cramp," laying, however, great stress upon the absolute necessity of giving the hand entire rest. It gradually improved, though for several years he relieved himself from writing as much as possible by using a type-writer.

In the early fall of 1891 he reached home after an absence of fourteen months. During that time many changes had taken place in the college faculty. The President had died and Professor North was Acting President. Mr. Hopkins was appointed Dean of the Faculty by the Trustees, and continued to serve in that capacity until his death. Two summers had been spent in Europe. The next two also he was obliged regretfully to pass away from the St. Lawrence cottage. The vacation of 1892 he gave to steady work on his annotated edition of the "Agricola and Germania" of Tacitus, which was issued in the following year. The next summer was passed with relatives near Chicago, enjoying leisurely the sights of the great Exposition.

I wish to speak of a few of Mr. Hopkins' characteristics which perhaps have not been especially touched on by others.

One was his great love and tenderness for little children. How they delighted in him! There was never a child that would not stretch out its little hands to go to him and remain wholly contented as long as he held it in his strong arms. He was fond, too, of animals, and rarely passed one of the household pets without the caressing touch which they always seemed to expect from him.

He never outgrew his boyhood's fondness for exercise in the open air, and for games of skill. He loved sport for sport's sake. He said sometimes that he thought the boys of the present day did not love the exercise itself as he used to, but cared too much for the competition involved. He was very fond of rowing, and during the summers spent at the Thousand Islands nothing pleased him more than to start off with friends for a long day on the water. It came to be a recognized feature of the summer to take one day for a row around Wells Island, resting for a picnic dinner at some pleasant spot. This was a row of some twenty-four miles, and needed a strong and untiring arm.

The singular purity both of his written and spoken language has been referred to by another. His reading was done in the most careful manner, and he made all he read his own. He read with pencil in hand, and there is hardly a book of his in which he has not made notes on the blank leaves at the back. Those notes were often so complete as almost to form an index. Every inaccuracy or error was carefully noted, as well as any expression which seemed to him at all slovenly or careless. He often said "I am not a purist," but he could hardly have been more exact if he had made that claim. And yet there was never any visible effort after effect. The best words seemed to be his natural form of expression.

His religious tolerance was wide and far-reaching. He held that there are few essentials in religious belief; that man has no right to ask more than Christ asks; that those who seem far apart are often close together in the things that make for eternal life. On one occasion he was asked by a friend to talk with an elderly person, of saintly life but of somewhat peculiar beliefs, on the subject of personal religion. He replied that when a person had lived such a

life as hers he did not think any of her friends need feel troubled about her eternal welfare.

Yet this wide tolerance never influenced the strength of his personal convictions. All his life and back in the college days, when sin to so many boys puts on a pleasant and enticing face, he always had the clear vision. For many a one his care and helpful words at exactly the right time opened the dull eyes and showed the better way; and not only showed the way, but persuaded to walk therein. He seldom spoke to others on the subject of personal religion, but his life was eloquent. Perhaps because he spoke little of such matters he had the greater influence. One said: "I cannot tell you how much he has helped me in my religious life,—not by talking to me, but by showing me by his life how to live." He little knew how great his influence really was, nor how much he was loved. His death revealed both.

In the spring of 1899 he seemed more than usually tired with the year's work and also somewhat exhausted by the hot weather, which came quite early. Perhaps on that account he, as well as his family, looked forward with unusual eagerness to the summer's rest, and planned to leave home for the cottage on the St. Lawrence as early as possible after the college commencement. There was not the slightest foreboding, however, of any serious trouble, and when on the 3d of June he mentioned for the first time a strange feeling in his arm, it was thought that the old difficulty of 1891 had attacked him in a more aggravated form,—especially as for some months he had again been troubled with his hand in writing. But in a few days other symptoms developed; the trouble was recognized as a serious one; his splendid strength failed. In two weeks he was completely prostrated. For nearly six weeks

longer he stayed with us. There was little pain or distress of any kind, but despite every effort the disease made progress, and there was no return of strength.

It was a peaceful illness. He slept much, like a tired child, and so the end came.

“God gave to his beloved sleep. And then an awaking which will require no more restoring slumber.”

Below the college, looking toward the sunrise, that “temple in which he once lived with God” rests on the green hillside,—

“the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy ! ”

The Funeral Services.

THE funeral of Professor Hopkins took place at his late residence, on Monday, July 31st, at 4 p.m., and was conducted by Rev. Dr. M. Woolsey Stryker, President of Hamilton College, and Rev. Dr. W. R. Terrett. The business places of the village were closed during the hour.

The bearers were the three brothers of Professor Hopkins: Rev. Stephen G. Hopkins and Hon. Woolsey R. Hopkins, of Auburn, and John H. Hopkins, Esq., of Rochester; Chester Huntington, Esq., of Flushing, a classmate of Professor Hopkins; Professor Albert H. Chester, of Rutgers College, and Rev. Arthur S. Hoyt, D.D., of Auburn Theological Seminary; the last three formerly members of the Faculty of Hamilton College and colleagues of Professor Hopkins.

At the opening of the service a quartette from Utica, consisting of Mrs. Winters, Miss Thompson, Mr. E. Stewart, and Mr. H. H. Klock, sang the hymn "All Saints."

After the reading of the Scriptures by Dr. Terrett, the quartette sang "The Lord is my Shepherd."

The same arrangement of this hymn had been sung by the College Choir at the last Sunday chapel which Professor Hopkins attended, and was especially enjoyed by him, and repeatedly mentioned during the few following days. The singing was followed by —

Rev. President Stryker's Address.

DEAR friends and neighbors : We are met here this afternoon to mourn with, and if it were possible, to comfort those who are overshadowed by this great loss. This is neither the proper time nor place for elaborate commemoration and analysis ; nor for any attempt even with our fond vision to sum and estimate the value of the life that has been torn from us. But we are here to render our tribute of affectionate sympathy ; to thank God and take courage by the tokens of what he was who has gone from us, and who it seems so impossible for us to think has really gone. It is all strange to us, but it is not strange to him. He understands. He is at home, and is no stranger there, where the questions that perplex us here are answered. He is under the tuition of the angels, and face to face with God. We believe we have warrant in the word of Christ to say that he is with those who loved him, and whom he loved, and who went before, and we are assured that tho he shall not return to us, we may go to him. So God grant it.

We lay a wreath upon the sheathed sword. We gather up all the personal affection and tender admiration, in the presence of our stricken hopes and responsibilities to say "God knows as we cannot, and in his sight where he sees now, whom we loved, we shall see." If his voice, so familiar to us could speak, I am sure he would be saying after his Lord: "Let not your heart be troubled; if it were not so I would have told you." All is well. He now knows the mighty truth that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years. He knows, where we are only

guessing. He knows these things we know but in part and see with eyes darkly shaded. His is the open vision. Blessed be God for another elected to triumph ; for another saint in Paradise ; for another faithful servant hearing the “Well done.”

God forbid that we should attempt in trite and conventional words to estimate his life work or to soothe sore hearts. Yet let the nearest and dearest smile thro tears to think what precious legacies are left in the influences of a life such as this was ; a life pure from its beginning ; faithful thro all the strenuousness of youth. Here was one who lived a young man’s life in soberness, justice, peace, honor, and who came to maturity strengthened by the absolute confidence of all who knew him. The high hopes were justified. In a career that was a true career, if not bruited and blazoned far and wide, a man’s work was faithfully done, and we do not forget that thirty years are reached this summer,—thirty years of fidelity. The students of the College trusted this man. They believed in his justice, his broad sympathy and his fairness ; in his goodwill, affection, disinterestedness, and his zeal to help,—and they believed well. Looking closely upon it we find that he has been doing his work steadily and rightly all his life, and abler and better every passing year.

Who shall fill his place ; be what he was ; do what he did ? None. It is true that the world must go on ; the machinery cannot stop ; but there are lives the loss of which is irreparable, and from our place of view I think this is a loss that we can never mend, yet also a gain and a blessing that memory can never lose. It seems unfortunate that a life so sure, so natural, and so calm, should be stricken down with a bolt that might fall on others. We do not know what is the natural or the unnatural. I

remember years ago his saying in a college meeting, as he spoke of a friend then dead, in words I have never ceased to cherish — they are from the Apocrypha:— “ He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God.”

We tell this household that the community mourns with them. The church has lost a faithful preacher, a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For the College we tell them there shall ever remain the heritage of his life and its enduring influence. I suppose there is not one here who does not remember his kindly word, that sweet, fair smile, the grasp of that warm hand. These are grand memories, good friends. Let us try to leave some of them when we go. Let us seek to leave an example of steadfastness, like a tower of rock, like an anchor in the spume of the sea, like a lamp in a dark night.

“ The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow ;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro,

And saying as they meet, ‘ Rejoice ! another,
Long waited for, is come.’
The Saviour’s heart is glad ; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father’s home.”

The speaker closed with prayer. The quartette sang
“ Lead, kindly Light.”

Dr. Stryker closed the service with the benediction.

The chapel bell tolled as the long procession wound its way up College Hill. The grave is in the centre of the college cemetery. The hymn “ There is a land of pure delight ” was sung at the grave. The committal service was conducted by Dr. Stryker.

Memorial Service.

A MEMORIAL service was held in the College Chapel, October 10, at 3 p. m. The account of the service which follows is taken from the *Utica Daily Press* of Oct. 11, 1899:—

THE Hamilton College chapel was well filled yesterday afternoon by those who had come to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of Dr. Abel Grosvenor Hopkins, late Professor of Latin in Hamilton College. Dr. Hopkins died during the summer vacation, and the services yesterday afternoon were a memorial conducted by his one time colleagues of the faculty, and were open to the students of the college and friends of the deceased professor. The service was a most impressive one, one whose influence was visible in the countenances of the students as they gathered in groups about the campus, one not soon to be forgotten by any of the many who were present. The faculty occupied the faculty seats facing the audience, and the various classes were in their respective rows of seats. Back of the student body, and in the galleries, were the friends, for the most part Clinton people. Upon the platform sat President Stryker and Dr. William R. Terrett. As the clock struck three President Stryker rose and made a brief address, calling to mind the many lovable characteristics of him who is gone.

“Dear friends,” he said, “we are met here to honor the memory of one whom we all loved. This beautiful October day is particularly fitting for this occasion. Our friend had not yet reached the sere of old age. The winter of life had not yet stricken him. He was in the early autumn of life. He was taken from us when at the very climax of his usefulness. So

this day, almost untouched as yet by the decay of the coming winter, is a most harmonious one on which to formally revere his memory."

In closing, Dr. Stryker said that Dr. Terrett had been selected by the faculty to deliver the memorial address. The president then read appropriate selections of Scripture and offered a brief prayer. After a hymn sung by the congregation, Dr. Terrett delivered the following address. To those who knew Dr. Hopkins, the absolute fitness and lack of exaggeration of every sentence came home forcibly, and the words of the speaker were heard with the closest attention.

When Dr. Terrett ceased speaking there was an impressive pause, lasting nearly a minute. The audience then rose and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which they were dismissed with a word of prayer by President Stryker. The service was a splendid tribute to the memory of a noble man.

Rev. Dr. Terrett's Address.

I SHALL attempt this afternoon only what I shall venture to describe as a loving appreciation of Dr. Hopkins' character and career.

I do not feel competent to speak adequately of Dr. Hopkins as a scholar or as a teacher. This I will say, however, that among other highest qualifications for success as a teacher he possessed this, that he always gathered that he might give. He thought no scholarship too fine and rare to be put at the service of his pupils. He thought no research too difficult to pursue which was necessary to make completer his equipment for his work as a teacher in the college, as an interpreter to young minds of the noble language and literature to whose study he had devoted his life.

Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, used to say that when he was called in early life to a professorship in the institution of which he was for many years the president, he settled it with himself decisively that he would subordinate all other aims and ambitions to that of becoming a successful teacher. He thought that one who was called to the career which he had chosen must decide whether he would be a teacher first, or something else first, perhaps an author. It seemed to him that teachers sometimes sacrificed the interests of their pupils to the interests of their fame as investigators or writers of books. He resolved that he would be a teacher first, that he would make the attainment of success in teaching the aim of all his study, research, investigation, of the enlargement and enrichment of his stores of knowledge, of the finer development of his moral and intellectual powers. He lived to teach, and that was the reason why he became, perhaps, the most illustrious pure teacher which this country has produced.

We may say with confidence concerning our Dr. Hopkins, as we love to call him, that he magnified his office as a teacher, not in claiming for it perquisite or privilege or prerogative, but by dedicating to it unreservedly all the large and rich resources of his scholarship and intellectual power. The ample results of studies pursued in different lands and languages and literatures were all put freely at the use and service of his students, and were gathered and garnered with that end in view. It is a vast enrichment for a college when a man like Dr. Hopkins, so endowed with native powers, so equipped with learning and culture, is willing to give himself for thirty years, his heart, his mind, his manhood, with absolute completeness of devotion and surrender to her teaching work.

Then he taught so much,—so much, I mean, beside Latin. Perfectly unconsciously, the chief lesson of his teaching was himself. Edward Everett Hale has said about Longfellow as a teacher: "All poor teachers let the book come between them and the pupil. Great teachers never do. Longfellow never did." We have the amplest evidence that Dr. Hopkins' pupils felt profoundly the influence of his strong and noble personality. One writes of him since his death: "Not only did I look upon him as my instructor in college, but as my instructor in all that is manly and Christlike. To me his life was an inspiration not only to think but to act, not only to know but to do." So many tell us that they were inspired by him, that he was for them a creator of ideals. One writes, "To me he was an ideal man," and another, "He was my ideal of the honest, earnest, manly man." One who knew him long and was among the earliest students in his college classes writes: "He was one of the ideals of my boyhood. I remember as though but yesterday the thrill his manly presence gave me as he came into the old Sophomore room in South College. The years of fellowship with him were unbroken privilege. The ideal of youth was never shattered." This is the highest, the divinest mission and ministry of a teacher, to inspire ennobling admirations, to fill with pure and fine ideals the atmosphere of the college world, where young men are, generation after generation, learning hero worship, making their life choices, slowly acquiring the abiding self and soul which shall determine career and character and destiny forever.

He did so much more than teach,—so much more for the college. He never thought that he had done his full duty to the college when he finished his work in the class room or in the examination hall. In him the social con-

sciousness and the social conscience had reached high evolution. He knew that a college is a brotherhood, that there are brotherhood duties which some one must perform, brotherhood responsibilities which some one must assume and bear. It is probable that we underestimate the educational value of the corporate life of the college. At any rate the vigor and beauty of that life will depend upon the number of students and instructors who find thought and time for public use and service. Dr. Hopkins always did his part. One writes of him, speaking of the services which he rendered to the village community: "I write with a vivid recollection of his spontaneous sympathy with every effort to sweeten and inspire our common social life with the love of the highest which he felt." No call to public duty ever met refusal from his large and gracious nature, to which everything that was human was a matter of deepest interest and concern.

I wish to express my appreciation of the singularly fine qualities of literary style which distinguished Dr. Hopkins' writings. I have thought that his speeches and sermons were seldom equalled for facility and felicity of expression. I have sometimes described the circumstances under which I first heard Dr. Hopkins make a public address. Soon after I came to Clinton to reside I attended the funeral of one of your leading citizens. As soon as the clergyman who conducted the service began his address I was impressed by its beauty and dignity. It seemed to possess perfectly the qualities which should distinguish words spoken on such an occasion. I asked one who sat by me who the speaker was, and was told it was Professor Hopkins of the college. It always seemed to me that his sermons were remarkable for the completeness and adequacy with which they treated large and worthy themes.

They were fine in forms of expression, as his writings always were. There was a marshalling and movement of cogent reasonings toward just conclusions. There was no lack of color, the play of the imagination, and of illuminating illustrations which his familiarity with histories and literatures supplied. He was a facile and finished writer, a sane and vigorous thinker, a preacher in whose sermons the lights of culture and of character shone together, upon paths that climb toward high and honorable achievement in the ideal and heroic life.

In speaking of Dr. Hopkins' character I want specially to avoid analysis. We seldom analyze what we love. What the picture means, what the poem means, what the landscape means, what the life means as a whole, in its entirety, is the measure of its worth and wealth to the world. And there is in each of us a core of character that dominates details. We found in him a certain sweet serenity and sanity of soul, like sunshine, a character most rare, most beautiful, compounded of the intellectual, the physical, the spiritual, of the whole mind and man.

This character showed itself in many noble qualities, in modesty and courtesy, in kindness and courage, in a large and gracious tolerance of judgment, in incapacity for littlenesses of ambition and rivalry, in abhorrence of ostentation and display, in freedom from fantasies, vagaries, and feverish fanaticisms of transient excitement, in quiet, tranquil devotion to duty and acquiescence in the will of God. The movement of his nature was not like the tempest gust that beats the ocean into sudden fury, but like the trade winds, tireless, resistless, half heaven in motion, that bear the sea's travel and traffic toward the desired havens.

His was a finely balanced character, without eccentricities or exaggerations. All who knew him well ad-

mired the symmetry of his character, its harmony of parts, its equilibrium of powers. The Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary, writes of him: "A life of rare and exquisite symmetry has gone out of our sight." And this involved the combination of qualities which are sometimes regarded as inconsistent with each other, which we do not, at least often, find together. One writes: "I never knew him to be other than the perfect gentleman, strong and courageous as a lion, considerate and sympathetic as a woman." Another writes: "Since my college days I have always admired his character, and have remembered his combining impartial justice with kindly interest and all with courteous manliness." Chancellor Upson writes: "That God should take out of this life so much culture, such strength of mind, such breadth of view, such warmth of heart, shows that He means to use the culture, the strength, the breadth, the warmth, elsewhere." How seldom do we find these qualities combined in any character. We found them all in him, the strength and tenderness, the justness and graciousness, the breadth of view, the warmth of heart. And God will use them all hereafter.

He was one who by a divine necessity and nobility of his nature became a burden-bearer for others, and for society. Most of us, perhaps, bind burdens for other people to bear. But there are a few whose strength and sympathy are like — I may say it without irreverence — the everlasting arms of divine love and power beneath the weakness and the weariness of the world. There are those to whom the words of Revelation seem to apply most aptly: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God," — those who in the various associations and affiliations of the social life of man, the home, the church, the college, the state, are like pillars, massive

and stately columns, upon which the roof rests, upon which the walls lean, upon whose strength the structure stands secure, safe for use and habitation. To this class Dr. Hopkins belonged. How we all learned to lean upon him, half unconscious of the strength that his support supplied!

“With what sublime repression of himself” he offered help to others. Who ever heard him complain or even speak of the burdens which he carried? He never asked, but offered, sympathy and succor. And how worthy he proved himself of large trusts. It is said that after Mirabeau died — Mirabeau, the one man who seemed to have the wisdom and power that would suffice to save France from the desolations of a popular revolution — when any question of grave difficulty was being debated in the National Assembly, all eyes turned instinctively to the empty chair where Mirabeau had been wont to sit. How often shall we look in vain to that place of counsel and conduct so long filled with perfect fidelity and competency by him whom we miss and mourn.

We are grateful for the memory of his beautiful and beneficent happiness. I say beneficent, for it seems to me that there is no benigner influence than that which is exerted by the happiness of those who have a right to be happy because they are the trustful and obedient children of God. An hour’s companionship with Dr. Hopkins made this seem a brighter world.

The circumstances and conditions of his life were singularly fortunate. He was the distinguished son of a distinguished father. His boyhood’s home was full of the beneficences of scholarly culture and Christian grace and sweetness. We do not wonder that such a man came forth from such a home. Later, and yet in early life, he

came to walk in closest companionship with one in whose mind and heart his nature as it grew in breadth and richness found sure and perfect response and appreciation, one who, while she leaned upon his strength, supported him in all the labors of the years by the inspirations of loving sympathy and tenderest admiration. From boyhood he was permitted to live the life of a student, which was the life he loved. As soon as his professional studies were finished, inviting careers opened before his feet. I have been permitted to see the letter which he wrote thirty years ago when called upon to choose between the career of a pastor and that of an instructor in this college. He gives as one of the reasons for the choice he made: "The department to which I have been appointed has always interested me. Its opportunities for research and culture have presented great attractions." He loved to study, and he loved to teach. He lived the life he loved. "I cannot give it up," he used to say of his work here, when in later life he was called to other fields and spheres of labor. All these felicities of fortune wrought in him a serene summer of the soul, whose light shone for others and for all.

He was simply above many of the distresses which torment less noble natures. I have heard my mother say that when a child she was taken to the Catskills, and from a mountain's summit saw beneath her a thunder storm, a summer shower. Beneath her were the clouds and the lightnings and the rain, above her were the clear sky and the sun. I have thought of Dr. Hopkins as one who had reached an altitude of faith and hope, of absorption in large interests, of incapacity for small and poor ambitions, where he was safe from distractions and annoyances which most men feel. His was a noble happiness. It was the happiness of a scholar. He took delight in acquiring and imparting learn-

ing and culture. It was the happiness of a Christian. He knew "the peace which passeth understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away." To him was fulfilled the Master's prophecy and promise : "These words have I spoken unto you, that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full."

He was an ideal Christian. His faith was so intelligent and rational that it was itself persuasive, evidential. It could be said of him as was said of Phillips Brooks : "His faith was proof to doubters. We can walk blindly where he walked seeing, till we see." The fact that such men have heartily accepted the doctrines of Christianity is strong evidence of their credibility and rationality. Our intellectual insight may be less keen, our sweep of spiritual vision less wide than theirs, but we may absolve our doubts by the authority of their faith, and "walk blindly where they walked seeing, till we see."

He lived the faith he loved. He leaves a spotless name. He was one

"Who reverenced his conscience as his king.
He spoke no slander; no, nor listened to it;"
He wore "the white flower of a blameless life.
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained than his?"

And things that are "dear to God were dear to him :" the welfare of mankind, the ethical interests of society, the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world. He recognized the fact that, as the Psalmist says, "God's commandment is exceeding broad." He believed in the redemption of the world. He sought to subject all departments and all details of human life to the divine authority of Christ's laws of love and righteousness. He was a champion of right-

eousness. He was so gentle, so genial, such a friend of peace, so incapable of being intoxicated by the wine of war, that it is hard to believe what is still unquestionable, that when thoroughly aroused in defence of any imperilled principle of justice or public order, he was a most fearless and formidable foe of the foes of humanity. He was indomitable, unconquerable. He knew no such word as surrender or retreat. From him we may learn the heroism of civic duty. He was a Christian citizen. He was a Christian patriot. He put his conscience into his vote and the voice of his influence among men. He had learned that the duty which he owed to his country was a part of the duty which he owed to God.

It is impossible to measure the influence of such a character and life. I have thought that there was something in Dr. Hopkins' life and character which allied them to the elemental beneficences of nature, to the green earth, to the air we breathe, to the sunshine and the love of parents. These are blessings for which we forget to be grateful. His influence was so quiet, so gentle. Through him the "kingdom of heaven came without observation" into so many lives.

There are dear graves upon that sweet hillside. The young sleep there who left no large place vacant, except in a few loving hearts. But there are graves there about which men gather, and will gather for long years to be, with reverence and affection too deep for words. Men will come hither from the storm and stress of busy life, bent by the burden-bearing and weary with the warfare of the world, successful men, useful men, men whose names are known to nations, who have served well their country and their time, and they will stand about this grave and say: "There lies the one to whom I owe my soul. He taught

me what it is to be a scholar. He taught me what it is to be a Christian. He taught me what it is to be a man." In how many lives, enriched, ennobled by his influence, will he live on.

Farewell, dear doctor, kind friend, true scholar, devoted teacher, courteous gentleman, stainless Christian, farewell. We will remember and we will follow, until in the cloudless morning of God's presence we see thy face again.

Notices from the Press.

[From the *Utica Daily Press* of July 28, 1899.]

By the death of Prof. A. G. Hopkins, Hamilton College loses one of its best instructors and the village of Clinton one of its most respected residents. A little while before the last commencement he was stricken, and up to that time was regarded as one of the most robust, rugged members of the faculty. In his earlier days he was an athlete, and he retained his interest in athletic sports. He walked more often than he rode up and down the hill to his daily recitations, and was looked upon as a person in the best of health. The whole community was not less surprised than shocked to hear of his sudden and serious illness. The attack was one of those unaccountable instances which medical skill is able neither to foresee nor to fathom. All that science could suggest was done for him, but it was hoping against hope almost from the first. For some weeks the end has been anticipated, though hundreds fondly hoped it might be otherwise.

Prof. A. G. Hopkins was born amid scholastic surroundings and was himself a scholar of no ordinary attainments. His work as a student in Hamilton College was of such a high order that he took second place in his class. He went thence to the Auburn Theological Seminary, where he was graduated with honor, and shortly after was offered the professorship of Latin at Hamilton College. He accepted and in the fall of 1869 commenced his labors, which were continued till the time of his death. He was a very careful, conscientious, and painstaking instructor. He had that force of character which commanded attention. The rollicking and fun-loving members of more than one class tried their hand at what in college parlance is called "shaking up," but none ever succeeded, and many regretted the undertaking. His relations with the under-

graduates were always pleasant and affable. He was a very approachable man, always ready to give a courteous hearing, and as prompt with an answer which, when given, was decisive. For a long time he served as Dean of the Faculty, and the right man to take his place it will be very hard to find. His associates among the instructors held him in high esteem, and deferred to his opinions as to government and discipline in a large degree.

The class of '70 was the first to leave the college after his coming as an instructor, and that of '99 the last to leave. During that time scores upon scores of young men have been under his instruction, have gone in and out from his class room, and enjoyed the good fortune of personal acquaintance and friendship with him. His influence was always salutary and his voice on the right side. He found time not only for studious research along the lines of his particular department, but also for sermonizing and for the preparation of many articles for publication which proved permanent and acceptable contributions to current literature. He frequently preached in the college chapel, and his services were much in demand in many pulpits and on numerous special occasions. Had he elected to follow the calling of a clergyman, there is every reason to believe that he would have been eminently successful. The field he chose was equally useful, and in it he made a record of which his family and friends may well be proud. To a good many of the alumni when they return, the old college will not seem quite the same without Professor Hopkins. A graceful expression of the confidence felt for him by the Board of Trustees was that embodied in the degree of D.D. conferred upon him at the last commencement. He was very ill at the time, and it may be that he died without realizing how much of honest regard and tender affection was embodied in this preferment. Professor Hopkins was in every sense a Christian gentleman, an upright citizen, and a splendid instructor. The men who will mourn because he is dead are scattered all

over this country, but so long as they live they will cherish of him none but the kindest recollections.

Abel Grosvenor Hopkins was born at Avon Springs, N. Y., December 5, 1844. He was a son of Prof. Samuel Miles Hopkins, who graduated from Auburn Theological Seminary in 1837. His mother was Mary J. H. Heacock, a sister of Dr. Grosvenor W. Heacock, for thirty-two years pastor of the Lafayette Street Presbyterian Church in Buffalo. She died at Auburn, January 23, 1885. In 1847 Professor Hopkins' father was called to the chair of Church History in Auburn Theological Seminary. Here Abel Grosvenor Hopkins was surrounded by daily influences most favorable to intellectual growth. His preparation for college was completed in 1862 at Auburn High School. The historic and festive exercises of the half-century celebration gave peculiar interest and éclat to commencement week at Hamilton College in 1862, and Mr. Hopkins was there with all the warm enthusiasm of a new student to make the acquaintance of his coming classmates and to gather life-long inspiration for a scholarly career. Of the eleven in the faculty at that time but two are now in the college,—Professor North and Professor Oren Root. Mr. Hopkins graduated in 1866 with the Latin salutatory, and after three years of study at Auburn Theological Seminary entered on the duties of stated supply in the Presbyterian Church at Cortland. While considering the acceptance of a call to the pastorate of this church he was offered a Latin professorship in Hamilton College, and in September, 1869, began the work which he has since followed and which has kept him in genial intimacy with the records of Latin literature. Twice he visited Rome as a student in archaeology, first in 1874 and again in 1891, during the year of his study at the university at Leipzig.

Opportunities for preaching were not neglected by him. He was ordained by the Presbytery April 16, 1874, was commissioner to the Presbyterian Synod of New York in 1886 at its

meeting in Elmira, moderator of the Presbytery of Utica in 1887, and commissioner to the General Assembly at Philadelphia in 1888. In 1887 he received the degree of Ph. D. from the Trustees of Lafayette College. Hamilton gave him the degree of D.D. in June, 1899. Dr. Hopkins was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Hamilton College by the Trustees in June, 1891. Professor Hopkins has given indications of some favorite lines of research in his contributions to our periodical literature. His carefully prepared papers on "The Reform in Pronouncing Latin" and "Tiberius Resartus" were published in the *International Review*, and "The Histories of Early Rome since Niebuhr" and "The Preservation of the Latin Texts" in the *New Englander*. Of a more popular character were his addresses before the Oneida Historical Society on "The Early Protestant Missions to the Iroquois," and his historical address at the centennial celebration in 1887 of the settlement of the town of Kirkland. He also wrote a biographical sketch of Hon. O. S. Williams in 1881, a sketch in memory of Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., in 1893, and a book, "The Agricola and Germania of Tacitus," in 1894.

Professor Hopkins has endeared himself to many hearts by his touching, thoughtful sympathy in conducting funeral services. On such occasions his tender response to the silent appeal of a life released from mortal fetters might suggest an addition to Solon's farewell to Croesus. It might be made to read that no man should be pronounced happy until his death and funeral had brought fitting memorials to an upright life. Professor Hopkins has given well remembered examples of this rare gift of his appropriate blending of narrative, analysis, sympathy, and comforting exhortation in his funeral tributes to the memory of Dr. Charles Avery and Mrs. Avery, Dr. Oren Root, President Samuel G. Brown, Prof. Norman J. Wright, Dr. Benjamin W. Dwight, and his son, Dr. Francis E. Dwight. . . . In the class room, as an instructor, he was very industrious and diligent. As Professor North once

said, "He was worth two ordinary teachers." Professor Hopkins was a well developed and all-around man. He was fond of physical exercise, and in his younger days was quite an athlete. In his college days he was catcher of the college base-ball nine, and Sidney A. Sherman, '67, of Batavia, avers that he was the first man who ever threw a curved ball. He says in 1864 Hopkins could throw a curve as wide and as true as the best players did thirty years later, and that if he had followed ball playing as a pitcher he would have been famous among the ball players of the world.

[From the *Utica Morning Herald* of July 28, 1899.]

REV. ABEL GROSVENOR HOPKINS, D.D., Professor of Latin in Hamilton College, died at his home in Clinton yesterday. This announcement will carry sadness to many hearts, for Professor Hopkins' friends were all who knew him; and those who knew and loved him are scattered throughout the earth. For four years he was a student in Hamilton College, and for thirty was therein an instructor. The college mates, classmates, and students with whom in these years he came into close contact learned to know him as one of nature's noblemen. He was a genial companion, a cordial co-worker, a manly man. He was a devoted husband and father. He was true as steel in every relation and walk of life. He was helpful to the student. He was constant and enthusiastic in his duties, to the college, the church, and society. His was a healthful mind, buoyant, cheery, wholesome. Physically Professor Hopkins seemed as strong as mentally he was known to be. Hence the surprise, the shock, the sorrow, that at fifty-five he lives only in the fruits of his labor and the affections of all who knew him in life!

Not only the college that he loved so well and served so ably, but the broader educational field, the church, and the community at large suffer a loss in the death of Abel G. Hopkins that will be deeply felt and sincerely mourned.

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From the first he was a popular pulpit orator. His style was forcible, impressive, and convincing, and for the past twenty-five years he had been in almost constant demand as a pulpit supply in all the prominent cities and villages in the State, not only being called by his own denomination, but very frequently by the other evangelical denominations. Dr. Hopkins was united in marriage with Sophie Louisa, the youngest daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. O. S. Williams, on July 25, 1872, and has since resided at the Williams homestead, West Park Row, in this village. Besides his widow and one daughter, Dr. Hopkins is survived by his aged father, one sister, Mrs. Myron Adams of Rochester, and three brothers: Rev. Stephen G. Hopkins, '63 Hamilton College, of Auburn; Hon. Woolsey R. Hopkins, '71 Hamilton College, attorney at law, Auburn; and John H. Hopkins, '72, attorney at law, Rochester. Dr. Hopkins' death just in the prime of life is peculiarly sad in many respects. Up to the day that disease seized upon him, he was the embodiment to all outward appearance of a perfect physical development. During his college life and for years afterward, he was an athlete who had few superiors, and this is the first year that he has not had some position in the commencement ball game between the visiting alumni and the college nine. His was a busy life. His college and pulpit work left him but little time for rest and recreation. He was a constant student and a great reader. His ambition was to keep his department of instruction abreast with the day and times. In this he succeeded, and his class room at the college was one toward which every student went with willing step. Busy as Dr. Hopkins was, he still found time to take an active interest in all the great moral questions of the day. He was particularly active in every movement to restrict and keep within the bounds of the law the liquor traffic in town. He was naturally a democrat in politics, but was independent enough to vote and work for the best man, regardless of his political affiliation. . . . The death of Dr. Hopkins is a public calamity. He was

widely known as one of the college faculty upon whom all leaned, and as a pulpit orator of great ability. He was a useful man in all the walks of life.

[From the *Rome Daily Sentinel* of July 28, 1899.]

By the death of Professor Abel G. Hopkins, Hamilton College suffers a loss which cannot be readily described. Professor Hopkins was all of several things that go to make a man. He was a well rounded scholar, a thorough gentleman, a man of force and character; he possessed a rare physical development, enjoyed sports, and was the most companionable of companions. Reared in an intellectual atmosphere and under intellectual influences, his scholarship was but the broadening of an innate characteristic. Strict thoroughness marked all he did. He always knew where he stood, and why. He commanded universal respect and esteem; not one of the hundreds of college students who studied under his direction ever the second time thought it worth while questioning his authority. He possessed the faculty of governing by mere force of personality, without outside assistance. Every student liked him, honored him, and counted it a pleasure to work in his department. By the Faculty and the Trustees of the college he was held in equally high regard. All respected his ability and all knew his remarkable capacity for that sort of work which brings results. His habits of careful, conscientious, painstaking industry made him an authority, and what he said or did was looked upon as deeply based upon logic and reason. He was an adviser whose counsel was sought because of its recognized value, an instructor whose work was described as equal to that of two men, a friend whose sincerity never could come under a cloud of suspicion. Withal he was modest, becomingly so.

Aside from his college work Professor Hopkins found time for literary work. His writings on classical and religious subjects were real additions to modern literature. His sermons were scholarly, pointed, and convincing. Many a pulpit has

been pleased to have him again and again as its occupant. The death of such a man, coming at a time of life when all his experience and acquirements of past years were at their best and his usefulness was at its greatest, is a loss which Hamilton College will feel keenly. Every friend of the institution will mourn for her and also with her, for they all were friends and admirers of Professor Hopkins.

[From the *Clinton Courier* of August 2, 1899.]

CLINTON and this entire community, together with the college world and the Christian church, mourns the death of a good man. Rev. Prof. A. G. Hopkins finished his earthly career about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon last, July 27, 1899. He died at the beautiful home of Mrs. O. S. Williams, where he had resided since his marriage to Mrs. Williams' youngest daughter in 1872. Death came upon him gradually and almost painlessly. About two months ago he was stricken with a form of paralysis which was thought to be writer's cramp, but which soon developed into a more general form of paralysis, affecting the brain and nerve centres, and which was beyond medical relief, although the most eminent specialists were called in consultation. He failed slowly but steadily, in spite of all that could be done by devoted friends and faithful physicians. For some time toward the closing days he was apparently but slightly conscious of his surroundings, and the end came as a restful falling asleep.

The deep sorrow of a devoted wife and daughter, an aged father, brothers, and family friends, is shared in a sense by the entire community, and by countless friends and admirers of Dr. Hopkins scattered all over the country. Hamilton College has lost an able instructor and a wise counsellor, whose place it will be hard to fill. The pulpit has lost an exceptionally earnest and convincing preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ as interpreted by one who had received the reward of the pure in heart. The village of his home has lost a faithful exemplar of

Christian citizenship, and a man whom all classes and conditions of men could admire and be glad to count as a friend. He had a genial smile and a warm and sympathetic greeting for all whom he met. In his home life he was especially gracious, and those who met him there were impressed by his kindly courtesy and consideration for those about him. He was an ideal husband and father, the memory of whose tender love and care will be fondly cherished.

As a citizen Professor Hopkins was interested and active in all that concerned the good order and well-being of the community. This was abundantly demonstrated some years ago when, as president of the Law and Order League of the town, he labored earnestly with other good citizens to compel the observance of the excise law, and especially when, in the betrayal of trusted advisers, the League was prevented from reaping the full benefit of its successful crusade, and its members were compelled to face litigation for an unconscionable sum for legal services, and there was a general disposition manifested to disclaim connection with the movement or to compromise with wrong, the firm stand taken by President Hopkins and a few men of similar courage and wisdom succeeded in defeating the unscrupulous scheme, and securing from the Court of Appeals a unanimous decision in support of the League, and establishing a valuable precedent for the guidance and protection of all similar organizations for promoting the public good. The voice and vote of Dr. Hopkins could always be counted in favor of temperance and good citizenship, and his assistance was never asked in vain for any worthy cause of morality or of charity.

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Professor Hopkins had a summer cottage on the St. Lawrence, near Alexandria Bay, and here he was accustomed to spend his summer vacations with his family and their friends. Here he became acquainted with many of the regular summer sojourners on the river. All who met him were charmed with

his character and personality. Writing from his summer home, "Nobby Island," H. R. Heath, of Brooklyn, says of Professor Hopkins: "He was 'one of God's noblemen.' He visited us in 1882, here at Nobby Island, and got the island inspiration. Next year he bought and built a pretty summer home. He and his family have since been the centre of Christian and literary hospitality, loved by all, rich and poor alike; and when the news came of his death there were many tears that could not be repressed. We all mourn his loss. To us the islands will never seem the same, for Professor Hopkins and Dr. J. G. Holland did more to give this resort a good reputation and make it known, by the articles they wrote and allowed to be printed, than all other persons who have come here during the twenty-nine years that I have spent my summers here."

THE MEMORY OF DR. HOPKINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER:

DEAR SIR,—Whether or not it was expected that the village folk should attend the services in the College Chapel for Professor Hopkins, they surely with one heart and one voice would have offered by their sympathetic presence their own tribute, which the hour of the service yesterday utterly prohibited. We all knew him to be almost the one man among us who maintained a moral equipoise, so that, distinguished as he was in his own high vocation, he still kept his place gladly among his neighbors, who could not tread those uplands of knowledge so familiar to him. We knew him to be a scholar, but we knew better that he was also a citizen; and that his devotion to the common weal did not take a merely spectacular and rhetorical form. We shall never forget how he looked a few years ago, when one election day he stood all day long on the sidewalk before the polling-place, distributing ballots to voters, in the interest of public morality. He was just as courageous and laborious in a good cause upon town-meeting or charter-election day as he was to defend the worth of poor young men in a small college like

Hamilton against the assumptions and arrogance of Harvard's president.

Let me, therefore, for the community of which I am a member, make this grateful offering to his memory. He needs not eulogy; that is already imperishably written upon the hearts of those who lived nearest to him.

OLIVER OWEN.

ST. JAMES RECTORY, CLINTON,
Oct. 11, 1899.

[From the *New York Evangelist* of Aug. 17, 1899, by Rev. CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN.]

PROF. A. G. HOPKINS, for thirty years Professor of Latin Language and Literature in Hamilton College, died at his home in Clinton, N. Y., Thursday, July 27. The funeral service was held at his late home the following Monday, and he was buried in the College Cemetery on College Hill. It is very difficult for Hamilton's sons of the last quarter of a century to realize this announcement as true, for Professor Hopkins had such abundance of life; he has always seemed the type of perfect manhood, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. An estimate of his character must reach this conclusion: "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

To friends and students widely scattered come reminiscences of particular traits and distinct elements in his character, showing how symmetrical and complete his life was. One thinks of the robust, vigorous figure, the responsive, alert eye, the vibrant, confident voice, the quick, strong step, recalling the college athlete back in the sixties who made triumphs in the field and on the ball ground. Others have class-room memories, and think of the pages of *De Senectute* and *De Amicitia*, made luminous under his exposition; of Horace and their first revelation of the beauty of Latin poetry; by such the professor's life will be told. Some have listened to Professor Hopkins' pulpit ministrations and remember the earnest messages backed by all the power of that true life which gave them utterance. Others

think of him in social relations, the courtliness of manner, the gracious thoughtfulness of others, the rare conversational powers which were his.

This life so gifted had that power of reserve which is found in lives of balance and symmetry. His associates and colleagues who shared his hopes and aims and work, bear testimony to that calm judicial mind and spirit which with keen insight reached conclusions fair and just and counselled wisely and well. It was no little tribute that the traditional epithet, "The manly Hops," never became obsolete on College Hill. Many a young man has received inspiration for time and eternity from him, and many a one has been pointed by his life to the fountain of strength "in quietness and in confidence." His life cannot be measured by the years he lived. The words which he applied some years ago to another are true of himself: "He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God." . . .

[From the *New York Evangelist* of Sept. 14, 1899.

From an article by Rev. R. S. HOLMES, D.D.]

THE *Evangelist* has followed us, and we learn that Dr. Abel Grosvenor Hopkins is no longer one of us. We read the tribute his friend paid him. It was just. You must tramp, and row, and sail, and sing, and play with a man to know him. We have done all these with Prof. A. G. Hopkins. In the summer that he was elected Professor at Hamilton, five of us, and he one, tramped from Auburn to the Thousand Islands. It was on that tramp he received the news of his election. A hard-looking, dust-stained party, we drew up one Saturday night before the Hubbard House in Clayton, and sent him in to ask reception. The landlord had seen us all; but he did not hesitate. Grove's face won. The Hubbard House took us in. After access to our pre-forwarded baggage, after restoration to civilized form, we asked Host Hubbard how he came to receive such a party among his summer guests. His answer was a

great tribute to our departed friend. Said he, "Do you think I do not know a gentleman when I see one?" That was just also. Grosvenor Hopkins was a Christian gentleman always. We can say nothing greater. This to his memory, from one who loved to call him friend; and so farewell.

[From the *Utica Daily Press* of Sept 21, 1899.]

HAMILTON COLLEGE REOPENS.

AFTER the brief devotional exercises Dr. Stryker said: "The announcements are so many and must necessarily consume so much time that it is not my purpose further to burden you. But there is just a word which I feel I must say before we separate to our various duties. Since last we assembled in this room one whom many of you knew, and knowing loved, has gone from our midst and his place here shall know him no more. Abel Grosvenor Hopkins entered upon his work in Hamilton College in the fall of 1869. It never fell to my lot to be in his classes. I was a junior when he came. But throughout these thirty years I have known him and looked up to him with the utmost respect and affection. It was my privilege to speak at his funeral services, and when we had laid him away in his final resting-place on that bright hillside not three hundred feet from those doors, I felt that we had lost a great part of our strength. He was such a virile man, so strong in character and yet so gentle and so lovable. He might truly be called a perpendicular man, a duty man. He won all our hearts by his devoutness. His thirty years of service in this college are a record of conscientious striving. His work was well done and will stand."

Dr. Stryker's voice betrayed his deep feeling in the few words he spoke concerning Dr. Hopkins, and the hush throughout the room gave evidence that the student body feels keenly its great loss.

The October issue of the *Hamilton Literary Magazine* was a Memorial number. The addresses of Dr. Stryker

and Dr. Terrett were printed in full, together with several Press notices. The editors write as follows :—

As we who have been here one, two, or three years take our seats in chapel each morning, something seems to be wrong. We miss a familiar figure, a strong, kindly face, rarely absent from those morning gatherings. No one can ever usurp the place of Dr. Hopkins in the memories and affections of those who knew him. We cannot become reconciled to the change. It does not seem right. This hath God wrought, and to Him he loved so well we must leave the mystery.

[From the *Hamilton Review* of Nov. 1899.]

ABEL GROSVENOR HOPKINS, Professor of Latin in Hamilton College, a manly man, a beloved teacher, an unflinching Christian, passed away, July 27, after a lingering illness. Few, indeed, of the men who knew him thought, as they separated last June, that College Hill would know him no more, and to every student of old Hamilton the news of his demise was a personal affliction. He was a man in whom nature had harmonized her choicest attributes ; a sturdy figure, rugged and sound, a buoyant disposition, scorning pessimism and melancholy, a world of sunshine and love was in his face and his genial smile was a feature of the curriculum. A Christian, not in profession or confession merely, but in every path of life, he was a follower of the precepts of Jesus Christ as far as frail humanity can be, and every man with whom he came in contact unconsciously set him up as an example of godliness and sterling manhood. Scholarship and sympathy are oftentimes incongruous. Too frequently the intellect is cultivated at the expense of the heart, and the pursuit of knowledge precludes that warming cordiality and friendship so precious in the scholar.

Dr. Hopkins was a remarkable instance of intelligence and sympathy united in one man. His personality was the life of the recitation, and so imbued was he with enthusiasm for his

subject that he truly seemed an old Roman interpreting Latin life and literature. He was every man's friend, one to whom a student could confide his doubts and troubles, sure of an almost motherly solicitude and comfort. Kind, patient, helpful, earnest, he lived a life which can stand a model, inspiring the student with emulation, admiration, and esteem.

Stricken down in the vigor of robust manhood, when life seemed happiest and best, with past secure and future golden with promise, he endured with Christian fortitude his wearisome illness, and died a man who, all felt, had lived the life his Master approved. Old Hamilton loses a loyal son and a revered professor whose place it will be impossible to fill, but the numerous alumni who came in touch with him will remember dear old "Hops," whose life was in his face and whose smile made college trials easier and existence happier. To-day he sleeps upon the hillside he loved so well, in the arms of Alma Mater, whom he so zealously served; another member of the noble little company who have fought the good fight and rest 'neath the shadows of the college walls.

[From the *Hamilton Life*, Oct. 7, 1899.]

No news could more have shocked and saddened the students of Hamilton College, the faculty, the alumni, the innumerable friends who admired and adored him than the announcement of the death of our beloved Professor of Latin, Dr. Grosvenor A. Hopkins.

We had left him with every confidence in his ultimate recovery, with heartfelt prayers for the return of his health and strength, fondly cherishing the hope to meet him again. But fate decreed otherwise, and almost in the prime of his years, in the waxing vigor of his powers, in the blessedness of a strong body and a healthy mind, he was snatched away.

Dr. Hopkins was the Arnold of Hamilton College. He was a fond admirer and devotee of athletic sports, and in his early days had attained renown, and laid the foundations of a splen-

did and powerful physique by his devotion to this sphere of legitimate college work.

He was a scholar, a lover of learning to the tips of his fingers. He was saturated with culture. No teacher ever inspired in his pupils greater enthusiasm in the love and pursuit of knowledge. His culture, far from making him cold and distant, only rendered him the more approachable, the more benign, the more winning. His large and expansive sympathies were the expression of a sweet and loving soul, responsive to every touch of suffering and distress. He was never brusque, icy, ill-tempered, or impatient. Age had given him that stability of character and learning, that moderation of judgment, which reminded one strongly of those ancient Romans whose characters he greatly admired, and whose virtues he possessed without any of their sternness. The man so overshadowed the scholar that it is as the former that he will live longest in the affections of student and friend. To know him was to love him, and to love him was better than a course in ethics. His influence was strongest where character is most often weakest, on the moral side. With the strength and virility of a man he combined the simplicity and frankness of a child, and the gentleness, the sweetness, the sympathy of a woman. He was always happy, open, optimistic; always tolerant, indulgent, liberal, large-viewed, with a mind never warped by prejudice, and a heart never seared by bitterness or narrowness. He taught men tolerance by his own example, and the impression of his personality was greater than the expression of his principles. No man was ever more devotedly beloved; no teacher more firmly and thoroughly engaged the affections of his pupils, or has left a larger and more lasting impression upon their characters and ambitions.

Future students of Hamilton will not know what potentialities of college life they have lost in missing the influence of his splendid personality, the sweetness of his smile, the charm of his manners, the kindness, benignancy, and beauty of his character, the sympathy, the culture, the purity that lived in every

word and look, and radiated from every inch of his being. They are graved deep in the hearts, and speak loud in the lives of those whom during thirty years he knew and taught. The Hamilton undergraduate of to-day will rise to manhood with the ideal of his stainless life ever present to his eye, and with the ambition to become as great and good as our departed friend. Fortunate indeed the man who, emulating his virtues, shall attain to his greatness, his nobility of character, his lofty, patriotic citizenship, his heroic, matchless life.

Resolutions of Respect.

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

THE Board of Trustees of Hamilton College, in session at Utica, November 21, 1899, appointed Hon. Charles A. Hawley, LL.D., to prepare a Memorial of the late Professor A. G. Hopkins, to be entered upon the Records of the Board. Mr. Hawley subsequently presented the following, which was adopted:—

SINCE the last meeting of this board, Professor Abel Grosvenor Hopkins, D.D., having but lately received the deserved honors of the college, has been taken from us by death; and we place upon our Records our deep sense of the great loss the college has sustained, and our high appreciation of the value of his long-continued devotion and service. For a period of thirty years he has given himself, his time, his strength, his culture, his learning, his life, to the diligent and conscientious discharge of the duties of his Professorship, the Bates and Benjamin Chair of Latin. To be a successful College Professor and Instructor, to so conduct himself in his daily intercourse with the student body as to win their respect and confidence, and even their affection, and to retain such confidence and affection in the administration of discipline inseparable from the position of Dean of the College, require a combination of rare qualities of both mind and heart. Dr. Hopkins met this requirement in a remarkable degree. As his associate in the Faculty, Dr. W. R. Terrett, in his Memorial Address of October 10, so happily said, "His was a finely balanced character, without eccentricities or exaggerations. All who knew him were impressed by its marked symmetry, its singular harmony of parts, its fine equilibrium of powers." As a scholar, as a teacher, as a preacher, as a Christian, as

a man, he was pre-eminent. He wore "the white flower of a blameless life."

There is a great vacancy in the teaching force of Hamilton College, which it will be no easy task to fill. With his afflicted family we deeply mourn his departure. To them we extend our warmest sympathies. "The memory of the just," the pure, the good, the noble, "is blessed." That legacy is theirs and ours, and we will not cease to cherish it with gratitude to Him who has called His servant to a richer reward and nobler service in heaven.

ACTION OF THE FACULTY.

AT a meeting of the Faculty of Hamilton College held October 26th, 1899, the following tribute to Dr. Hopkins was adopted and voted spread upon the Faculty Records:

ABEL GROSVENOR HOPKINS, in his fifty-fifth year, passed to his rest on Thursday, July 27th, 1899. For about two months a steadily advancing paralysis, which medical skill and the tenderest household care could not delay, had foreshadowed the end. On the afternoon of the last day of July his form was laid in the College Cemetery.

Exactly thirty years of service in the chair of Latin had endeared this steadfast, painstaking, and true-hearted teacher to all the younger generation of our graduates, and by them all this loss will be felt as personal and peculiar. A man so sturdy, so guileless, so kindly, so diligent, so competent, absolutely so faithful to every charge, and so ready to every duty—when shall we look upon his like again? The Christian pulpit has lost a manly witness, the Church a good soldier of Jesus Christ, the community a fearlessly upright citizen, the Faculty a genial comrade and tireless bearer of burdens, the Students an example of just and gentle manhood, the Chair an exact and broad-minded scholar, the Class room a patient and careful instructor,—all of us have lost a friend. He was the pride

and ornament of the class of '66, and was its Salutatorian. He graduated from Auburn Seminary in 1869. From Lafayette College he received the degree of Ph.D. in 1887, and (tho' never known to him) from Hamilton the Doctorate of Divinity in 1899.

The College is immutably rich in the memories of the strong, tender, and noble life, identified with all her hopes and toils for now nigh to forty years. His dust lies toward the sunrise and his soul is with Him with whom always he walked, "adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF UTICA.

[Minute adopted September 26, 1899.]

Whereas Rev. A. Grosvenor Hopkins, Ph.D., D.D., a member of this presbytery since 1871, and for more than twenty-five years Professor of Latin in Hamilton College, died at his home in Clinton in his 55th year, on July 27th, 1899; and

Whereas he was a man of rare Christian character, of ripe scholarship, and was a most successful teacher, and a strong, faithful preacher of the gospel of Christ;

Resolved, That we hereby express and put on record our appreciation of his character and life work, which have availed for the advancement of many churches, and for the benefit of a multitude of young men; and

Resolved, That we extend to the family our sympathy with them in their sudden and very great bereavement, and that we commend them to the God of all consolation who will prove to them his love and faithfulness.

**From Professor Edward North, LL.D.,
of Hamilton College.**

To have been associated for thirty years as a fellow-teacher with Dr. ABEL G. HOPKINS means more than can be fully

expressed in mere words. To lose such a genial comrade in study and official action, such a ready companion in all generous endeavor, such an uncomplaining bearer of heavy burdens, such a rare example of what is best in Christian character, is to feel that life has lost much of its every-day inspiration, save as that may survive in cherished memories.

To call a man two-sided is sometimes a dispraise. To say that one is many-sided may be the highest eulogy. This would be true in the case of Professor Hopkins. Meet him on his morning walk to the college chapel, and he was a merry companion, with his bright jest and gay laugh. In the chapel he was a reverent worshipper, with a voice sweet in song and earnest in prayer. Meet him in the class room, and his students basked with him in the sunshine of Roman life and literature. Meet him in society, and all hearts were gladdened by his cheery converse. Hear him in the pulpit, and it is as if listening to another Thomas Arnold. Meet him in the council of reform, and the boldest enemy of good order quails before his righteous wrath. Meet him on his vacation outing, and a stranger would say that his life must have been devoted to fishing and yachting. Meet him in his quiet home, and all the amenities of refined and gracious hospitality are yours to enjoy. To say that such a man is many-sided is to make the adjective expressive of what is best in character and achievement; it is to deepen our sorrow at what seems to mortal vision an untimely death, and to quicken our sympathy with the devoted memory that makes its daily pilgrimage to his peaceful grave in the College Cemetery.

[Extract from a sermon preached in Amherst, Mass., by the Rev. C. W. HAWLEY.]

. . . a man with whom but few of you were acquainted, though well known and honored in Central New York,—Professor Hopkins, of Hamilton College, whom to know was to love. He was my neighbor and friend for years, a strong, vigorous man

in the prime of life, noble in countenance, manly in spirit, doing year after year the work of his college professorship and implanting in many a young man's mind high ideals of character and life, a close thinker, a master in expression, a trenchant preacher, a passionate lover of purity and truth, and a courageous upholder of the same. The aim of his life has been to be a faithful disciple of Christ, and lead others to a knowledge of the high things won by thorough intellectual culture and the higher things attained by faith. Such a life robs death of its gloom and checks the wailings of grief. There flow from it far down the years to come wholesome, life-giving streams of influence, while the sainted soul enters into the "joy unspeakable."

ON Sunday, September 10th, 1899, the Rev. I. J. Van Hee, pastor of the Reformed Church of the Thousand Isles, closed his morning sermon on Heb. xii. 11 with the following tribute to Dr. Hopkins:—

Now, where do we so often meet with these mysteries of Providence as in the presence of death? How often have we not felt that the bolt by which a friend or loved one was stricken down might better have fallen on some one else! And often, in the very prime of life, those most loved by God and man, those most useful to God and humanity, are suffered to die. We cannot understand why this is so, but we know that He understands and it must be right.

To have to part with a man like the late Prof. A. G. Hopkins, Dean of Hamilton College, in the midst of life, a man foremost in the religious and educational world, in fact, a man who had but to hear of a noble, worthy project, to enlist his heart and hand in that cause,—to have to part with such a man is not joyous, but grievous. And what fruits of righteousness such an experience can cause us to bring forth, none can surmise, except it be to stir us up to nobler, more divine purposes, such as occupied his life.

Wherever he was, in college or in the pulpit, at home or abroad, his presence was felt—his influence remained. For seventeen years he had been coming with his family to his summer home here on the St. Lawrence River, and to many of his neighbors and associates the seasons on the St. Lawrence will never seem the same. I was acquainted with Professor Hopkins during one summer, and I never had a more interested and inspiring listener than he. Neither he nor his wife ever seemed like strangers to me. Having been young himself and had much experience with young men, he entered into my trials as a young pastor, with brotherly sympathy and fatherly counsel. Would that I could have had the living influence of his life longer. What he has been to this church, you know,—how frequently he has ministered to this people in the absence of the pastor or when your pulpit was vacant; and he did it as a service of love to God and to you. The loss that *we* feel, having seen but glimpses of his life, and had but touches of his character, is doubly felt by those who knew him better.

And now that his neighbors on the islands wish to place a memorial window in our little church, here on the banks of the St. Lawrence, among the people whose welfare he ever cherished, what an added inspiration it will afford us to have his memory, along with the others who proved themselves so worthy in the higher walks of earthly life, perpetuated here.

They have fought the “good fight,” they have “finished their course,” they have “kept the faith.” And as we worship God in the presence of these memorials to our honored dead,—Dr. Bethune, Dr. Holland, Elder Rockwell, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Holland, and Dr. Hopkins,—they will continue to speak to us and to influence our lives. “The memory of the just is blessed.”

Extracts from Letters.

FROM many letters of sympathy and appreciation a few extracts are here given.

[From Chancellor UPSON, of Glens Falls, N. Y.]

I HAVE just read in *The Utica Herald* the inexpressibly sad announcement of the departure from this life of your noble husband. What can I say that will comfort you under this overwhelming sorrow? Nothing, words are vain. "Be still, and know that I am God." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." "God is love." God's power, God's knowledge is infinite; and His love is as infinite. He has thought it all out from the beginning to the end. He knows what is best for us, and He will do what is best.

Such words are vain, and yet they are true. Such a sorrow gives them reality and force. . . . Your husband's death is an overwhelming mystery to me. As I knew him, he never ceased to grow. He has grown broader, more generous, more liberal, as well as stronger and more practical, daily. That God should take out of this life so much culture and strength of mind and breadth of view and warmth of heart shows that He means to use the culture, the strength, the breadth, the warmth elsewhere. The better I knew your husband, the more I loved him. As a student, a member of the Faculty, a friend, with common tastes and sympathies, we grew together. And this is not the end. We shall meet again and worship together our dear Lord. . . .

[From the Rev. OLIVER OWEN, of Clinton, N. Y.]

. . . I would like, with the deepest sympathy for you, to offer my tribute to the rare worth of him whom you have lost.

If the man were to be named who in my time easily stood first in our village, that distinction would be more likely to fall upon Dr. Hopkins than upon any other man. Identified with the college that none loved better than he, he was still a Clintonian and loved his village and sought for its welfare. I write from a vivid recollection of his spontaneous sympathy with efforts to sweeten and inspire our common social life with the love of the highest which he felt.

I have lived seventeen years in Clinton, but to no one else, outside of my own parochial family, have I the feeling so much that he at least was not a stranger to me.

To us all he leaves the blessing of his name and memory. The heritage is precious and a resource for years to come.

To you he leaves more, so much more; for even your sorrow will ever be the happiness of saying, *Vixit*. But he still lives. *Requiescat in pace et lux perpetua ei luceat.*

[From Professor GEORGE L. RAYMOND, of Princeton University.]

. . . Three years ago, we renewed acquaintance with the Professor in three enjoyable days here in Princeton. I had learned to esteem him as a boy, and it was not only interesting but stimulating to notice how his well balanced, earnest, scholarly traits had developed and ripened into the manhood that we had all anticipated. To be brought face to face with the fact that such a character, so trained by experience, and so fitted in every way to be helpful to his kind, has been removed so early in life, is a sad experience for any of us. . . .

[From Professor ARTHUR JONES, D.D., of Colgate University.]

. . . Professor Hopkins began his work in Hamilton College with our class. He was liked from the very first, and to the very last. That itself is a high tribute. I have never forgotten his pleasant smile, his cordial greetings, his manly bearing. We admired him for his attainments, his industry, and his down-right genuineness of character. The passing years have only

deepened my admiration and affection for my old teacher. We are all poorer in your loss. May the Master whom he so constantly followed, whose gospel he so loved to preach, be a present help to his loved ones.

[From GEO. E. DUNHAM, Esq., of Utica, N. J.]

I HAVE just finished an editorial article giving an all-inadequate estimate of your husband's character and career. Let me in this letter say to you how wholly unable I am to express my sorrow and sympathy to you and your daughter. It was my good fortune to have been one of his pupils. Since then, as one of the Trustees, I have been able to continue the friendship there formed. He was a noble man and his life has been a useful one. . . .

The college sustains a heavy blow; there is a vacant place that can never be quite filled.

[From BENJAMIN H. SANBORN, Esq., of Boston, Mass.]

On my return from the woods I am pained to learn of the death of your husband, and our editor, Dr. Hopkins. He was regarded as one of the most scholarly men on our list, and a successful editor. I did not know him personally, but learned to love him from the many good words I have heard from a former partner, and one of our agents who has often called upon him. . . .

Permit me to express my deep sympathy for you and your family in this supreme hour.

[From THOMAS A. ABBOTT, Esq., of St. Paul, Minn.]

It is with the deepest sorrow that I have heard of your husband's illness, and now of his death, and I beg you to count me as one of that great company of mourners who deplore his sudden and untimely end.

To me he was an ideal man in all that was highest and best, whom it was an honor as well as a pleasure to know; and I had

hoped that he might be spared for many years of happiness and usefulness.

It is very sad to know that his life has closed so early, when apparently so much remained for him to do and gain.

[From Rev. CARL W. SCOVEL, of St. Paul, Minn.]

WILL you accept a little note expressing the sincere sympathy of one who admired and loved your husband,—admired him as the strong “Roman,” as we college boys named him; loved him for his genial, cheery way.

I am glad my last sight of him was just a day or two before he was stricken, as he was going on the hill—the picture of health.

He is stronger to-day. He has passed under his Arch of Triumph, having trod the Appian Way of daily faithful service, and has entered the city of the Caesar of Caesars, the Christ.

[From Professor FRANCIS BROWN, D.D., of Union Seminary.]

I HAVE but just heard of the grief that the last month has brought to you and to so many with you. I do not even now know whether the shock was as sudden for you as it was terrible. To me the news came with absolute and startling suddenness. A life of rare and exquisite symmetry has gone out of our sight. I have not seen him often in recent years, but I have felt him. I recall how my father loved him and what reason he had, and how the debt was increased when my father himself left us so suddenly, fourteen years ago.

[From Professor FRANCIS M. BURDICK, of Columbia College.]

. . . I cannot appreciate yet that this strong and vigorous man has fallen; that this noble soul has left the earth forever. For no one with whom I have been associated in college work have I entertained a warmer affection or a higher regard than for Professor Hopkins; and although we have seen but little of each other for some years, I feel his untimely death as a keen personal loss.

[From B. DWIGHT HOLBROOK, Ph.D., of Sing Sing, N.Y.]

A good man has gone, but his gracious influence will long abide, an inspiration and a benison to all who came under his genial sway.

I knew Mr. Hopkins as a student his professor, and I never knew him to be other than a perfect gentleman — strong and courageous as a lion, considerate and sympathetic as a woman.

All the students I have ever met, and first and last I have met a goodly number, have invariably expressed the highest respect and gratitude when his name was mentioned.

The last time I saw him was when I called last February and his look of vigorous, manly beauty has ever since dwelt in my memory. . . . Personally I shall ever retain a sense of great obligation to him for his big-hearted kindness to me.

[From a friend.]

. . . For ourselves too we feel that one of the pleasantest associations with our summer home is now turned to sadness, though we are thankful to have known your husband, to have enjoyed some measure of his friendship. We can never forget his simple, friendly ways, his invariable cordiality and courtesy, his gentleness and kindness to everybody. . . . showed us what a noble and tender heart he had. His mind we knew something about from his preaching, and perhaps more from his conversation, so that we honored him wholly and saw how he enriched every circle into which he entered.

[From a friend.]

. . . With his splendid physique, wonderful muscular development, poise of character, deliberation of manner, marked self-control, and symmetry of mind and body, he was the last of all our friends whom we should have associated with an early death. Just in his prime, — the prime of his noble, generous manhood, — with apparent vigor of mind and body that promised years of usefulness and blessedness, his being taken from earth seems

a mystery that baffles all human reasoning. As in Phillips Brooks's case, so in your husband's,— the world can ill afford to give up such natures. Is it because they have ripened beyond all need of the earth-life that God calls them home — their victory and triumph won?

The following letters were written to Dr. Stryker, who has kindly allowed their insertion here.

[From Rev. W. S. NELSON, of Tripoli, Syria.]

. . . The last mail brought papers announcing the death of Professor Hopkins. His figure, his manly personality, remains with me as one of the clearest and most valuable impressions received by me in the one year I spent at Clinton. . . . I have never ceased to remember with gratitude the kind manner of Professor Hopkins, and I always admired his wonderful ability to control his classes, because of his admirable control of himself, and his commanding the thorough respect of all by his thorough manliness. I am sorry the coming classes are not to have his example and influence.

[From Professor WM. H. SQUIRES, Leipzig, Germany.]

As another year of college work begins, my thoughts turn loyally to the dear old College, but not without sadness. That noble good man, friend and helper of all, Dr. Hopkins, will not answer the call to duty this time. What a rare, sincere soul he was; always approachable, sympathetic, and kind, — sensitive to everything right and fair. He lived in perpetual sunshine and lovingly shared his happiness with others.

He always impressed upon me the fact that he passed his daily life in very intimate and loving communion with God. From his pure and genuine soul went out influences to bless all that came in contact with him. We will miss this generous friend and brother, and something will remind us constantly that he has gone.

When I was student, Dr. Hopkins kindled within me deep reverence for his ideal character and manhood. No teacher ever appealed more earnestly to my sense of fairness and impartiality. These early impressions have never been changed. Nearer association as colleague led me to admire and love him.

May the dear old college find as noble a man and as genuine and impartial a scholar to take up his holy work in class room and in the world outside.

Dr. Hopkins was a master of many things. He had a broad and an enlightened mind with a responsive conscience. The narrow, self-destructive scholarship of the so-called specialist never cramped and dimmed his open-visioned soul. He was the noblest of scholars, — all soul, all appreciation, — truly an all-sided man. He was a living teacher, because he taught lessons by his every-day life that promised immediate returns and afforded true benedictions to the responsive student.

Dr. Hopkins lives in the hearts and characters of his pupils. Though gone, his work has not ceased. Such men are immortal here, for they have first lived themselves and then have taught others to live also. No nobler, no more lasting work can be done than this. What a successful life he had ! How valuable every bit of it!

As student, as colleague, I offer loving tribute to his work, his character, his memory, and the success that lives on after him in the hearts and minds of his loyal pupils. We *all* loved him, we mourn his sad death.

*Vivit vivetque semper atque etiam latius in
memoria hominum et sermone versabitur,
postquam ab oculis recessit.*

PLIN. Epp. II. I. 11.

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In memoriam : Abel Grosvenor Hopkins b



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